Disney
ENCANTO
We Don't Talk About Bruno

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We Don't Talk About Bruno

Based on the song "We Don't Talk About Bruno" by Lin-Manuel Miranda

A Random House PICTUREBACK® Book

Random House New York

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♪ We don't talk about Bruno,

NO, NO, NO!

♪ We don't talk about Bruno . . .

but!

It was my wedding day.

It was our wedding day.

We were getting ready, and there wasn't a cloud in the sky.

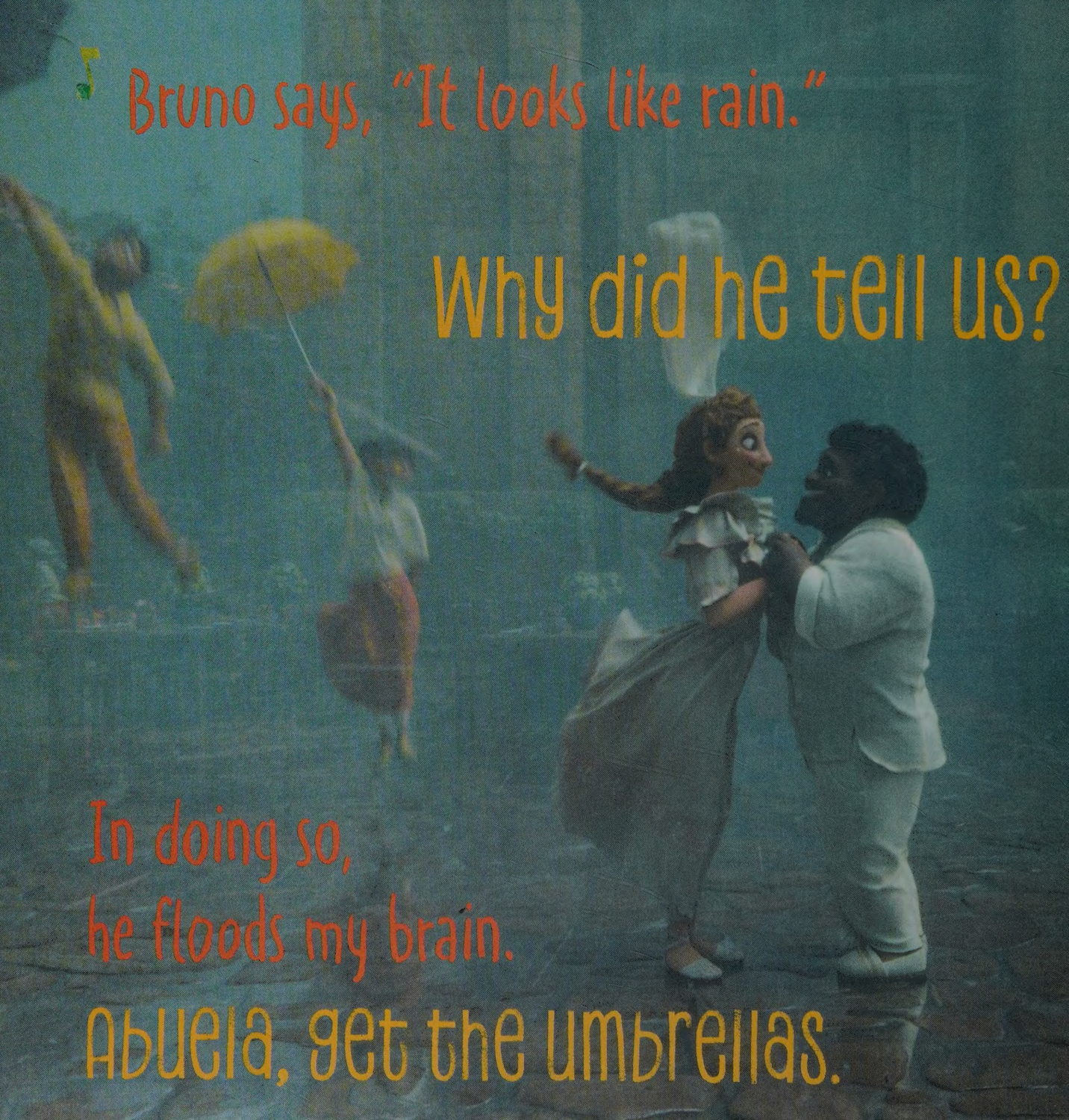
NO clouds allowed in the sky

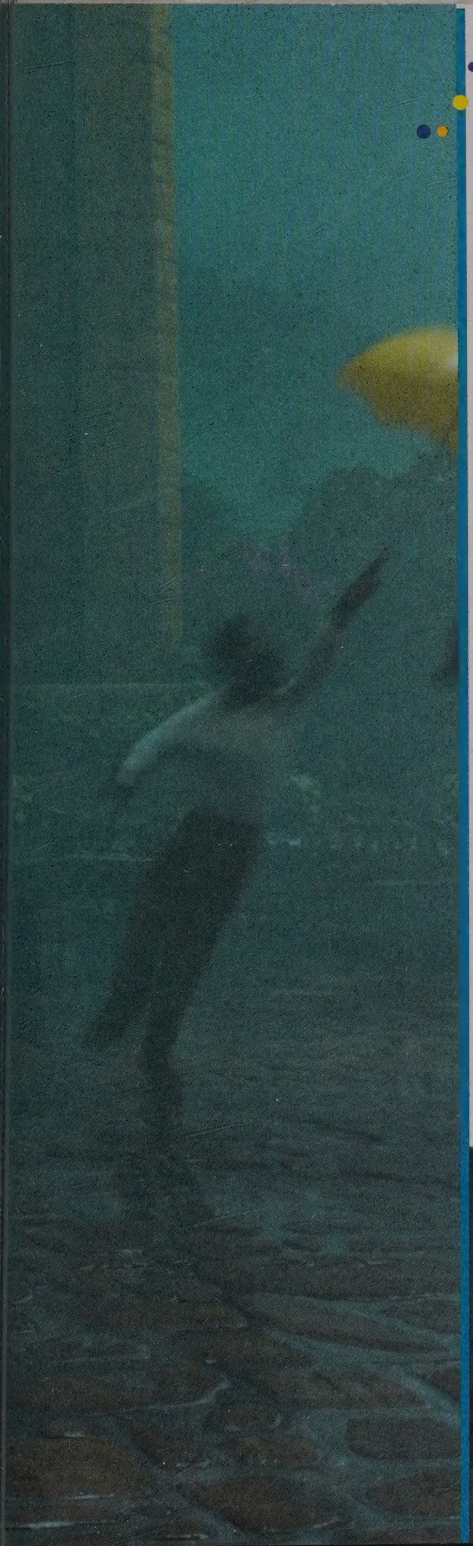
Bruno walks in with
a mischievous grin –

Thunder!

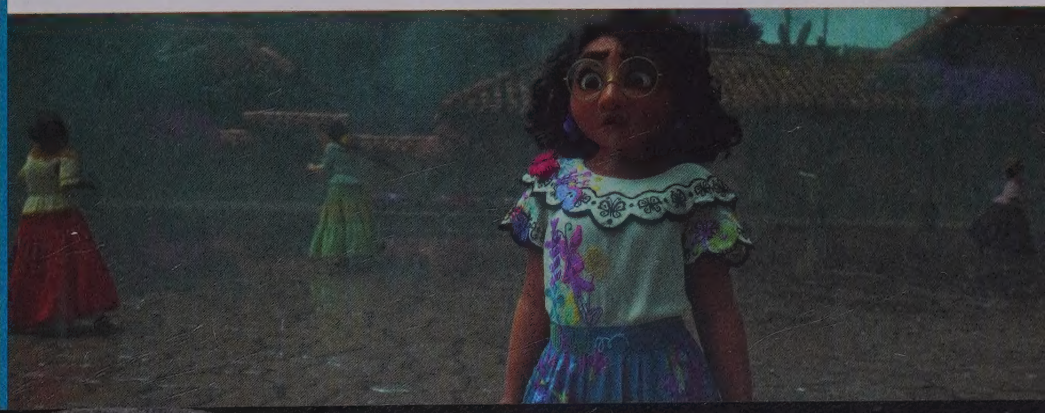
You telling this story, or am I?

I'm sorry, mi vida, go on.


Bruno says, "It looks like rain."
Why did he tell us?
In doing so,
he floods my brain.
Abuela, get the umbrellas.



Married in a hurricane.
What a joyous day . . .
but anyway,
We don't talk about Bruno,
NO, NO, NO!
We don't talk
about Bruno!



Hey!

Grew to live in
fear of Bruno
stuttering
or
stumbling.

I can always hear
him sort of
muttering and mumbling.

I associate him with
the sound of falling
sand, *ch*-ch-*ch*.

It's a heavy lift,
with a gift so humbling.
Always left Abuela and
the family fumbling.
Grappling with prophecies
they couldn't understand.

DO YOU understand?

A seven-foot frame.
Rats along his back.
When he calls your name,
it all fades to black.

Yeah, he sees your dreams
and feasts
on your screams.

(Hey!)

We don't talk about Bruno,
NO, NO, NO! (We don't talk about Bruno,
NO, NO, NO!)
We don't talk about Bruno!
(We don't talk about Bruno!)

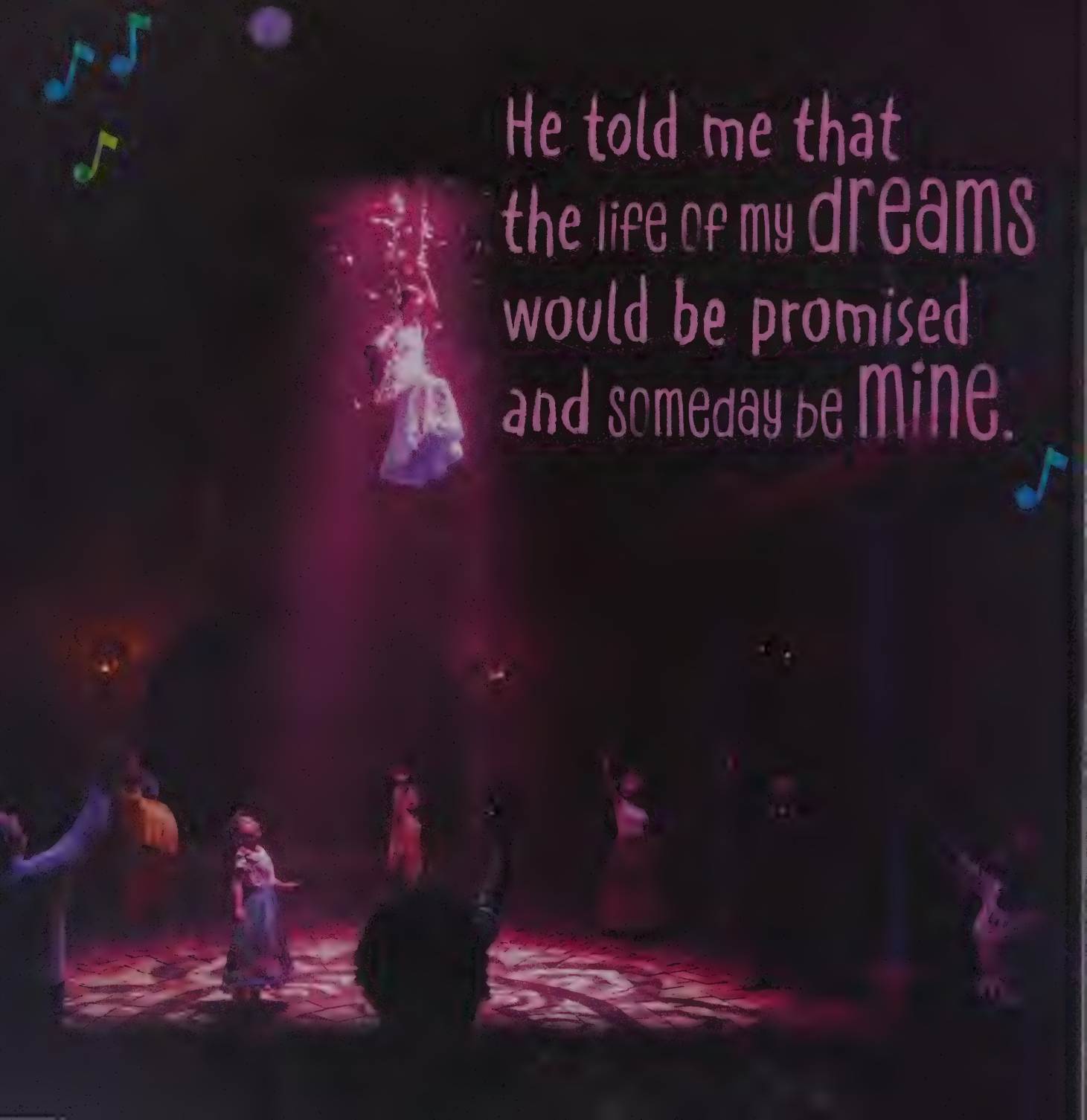
He told me my fish would die.

He told me I'd grow a gut!

(NO, NO!)

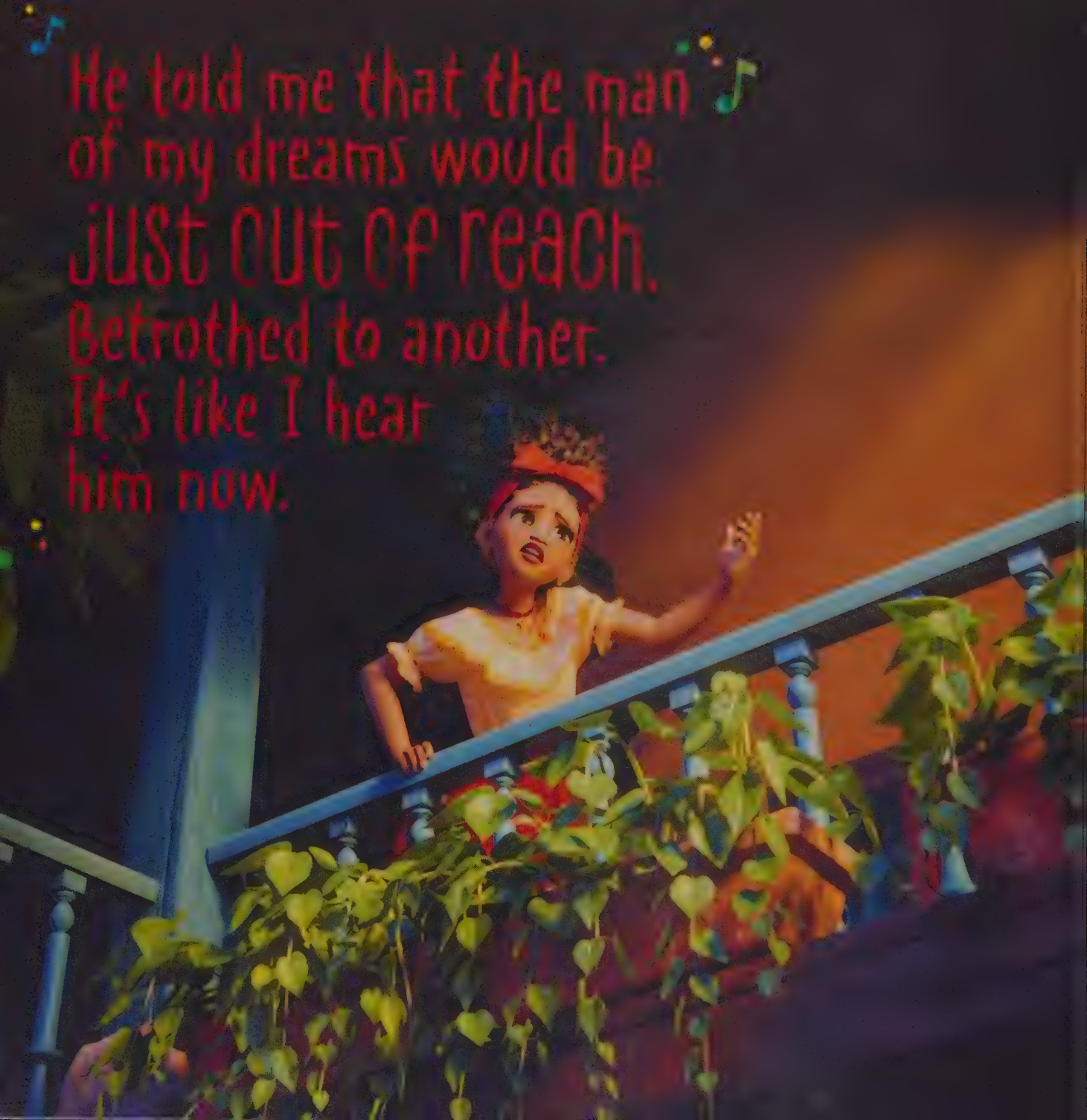
He said that all my hair would disappear.
NOW LOOK at my head.

Your fate is sealed
when your prophecy is read!


He told me that
the life of my dreams
would be promised
and someday be mine.

He told me that
my power would grow,
like the grapes
that thrive
on the vine.

Óye, Mariano's
on his way.


He told me that the man
of my dreams would be
just out of reach.
Betrothed to another.
It's like I hear
him now.

Hey, sis,

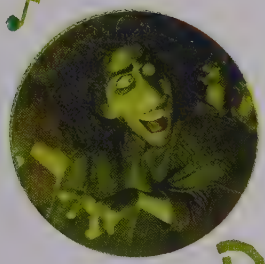
I want not a sound out of you.

I can hear him now.

Yeah, about
that Bruno . . .
I really need to know
about Bruno . . .
Gimme the truth
and
the whole truth,
Bruno.

(Isabella, your boyfriend's here.)
Time for dinner!

A seven-foot frame.
(It was my wedding day,



it was our wedding day.)
Rats along his back.
(We were getting ready)
When he calls your name
(and there wasn't
a cloud in the sky.)
it all fades to black.

(NO clouds allowed in the sky!)

Yeah, he sees your dreams

(Bruno walks in
with a mischievous grin –)

and feasts on your screams.

(Thunder!)

You telling this story, or am I?

I'm sorry, mi vida, go on.

(Óye, Mariano's on his way.)

Bruno says,
"It looks like rain."

(A seven-foot frame.
Rats along his back.)

In doing so,
he floods my brain.

Married in
a hurricane.

He's here!

Don't talk about Bruno, NO!
(Why did I talk about Bruno?)
Not a word about Bruno.
I never should've brought up Bruno!

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